

A Bumpy Ride

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A Bumpy Ride

by [icycas](#)

Summary

The boys are on the road trip to finally spend some quality time together, and all face-to-face for the very first time. They all expect to have some crazy adventures in the cabin and to bond, but let's just say Clay and George experience the wildest ride on the drive there.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: Please don't read this if you're uncomfortable with this pairing being written about explicitly. This story is entirely fiction, but these are real people. Please don't harass anyone in this fic about pairings or their sexuality – I recognize that Dream and George are both straight; this is just self indulgence. If either of them ever state that this type of content makes them uncomfortable, I will delete my work.

If you still wish to read on, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I can’t believe this! The gang’s all here!” Bad smiled brightly and hugged the three other boys.

Sapnap gently pushed away from the group hug. “Ok no more of this sappy stuff, let’s get to business. George, when am I beating you up? If you fight like how fight in Minecraft, you won’t last a second,” Sapnap exclaimed while standing proudly next to Bad.

George rolled his eyes. “Sapnap, I literally beat you in that one pvp match.”

“I will simply not remember that,” Sapnap said as he turned away.

“Okay, okay, children. No fighting, please,” Clay finally interjected. “Let’s just get this show on the road shall we?”

“I’m literally six feet tall! This isn’t fair!” Dream said defeated.

“Sucks to lose doesn’t it?? How does it feel to lose?? Because you’re a loser,” Sapnap sang as he taunted Clay.

“Bro it’s literally just a game of chance this isn’t fucking fair,” Dream yelled.

Sapnap laughed. “You’re just mad because you lost. Get over it you big baby. George doesn’t even care.”

“GEORGE IS LIKE 4’11 THERE WAS NO WAY EITHER OF US WERE LETTING HIM GET SHOTGUN.”

“DREAM SHUT UP I’M 5’9.”

“Okay... to be fair, Dream, you were the one who decided on rock, paper, scissors.. soooooooo,” Bad interjected.

“Whatever fine,” Dream said piling into the back of Bad’s Prius.

God this is so stupid, Clay thought to himself. Why out of all the cars Bad could pick, he chose a fucking Prius. Their shit was all over the pace. Why the fuck did they pack so much to just go stay in a cabin for a week. This was so stupid. They literally had to push down two of the seats just to

make room for all their shit. And now him and George are stuck on the same damn seat for an hour and a half. And the ride got bumpy as hell at the ten minute mark because the cabin was off the road, so Clay's head was bumping against the roof of the car every five seconds. This couldn't get any worse.

It got worse. Clay is not gay, dammit, but George's ass subtly grinding against Clay's crouch as they drove down the bumpy road was starting to have an effect on Clay. Each little bump they hit in the road had Clay's breath hitch and and grow more labored by the second. It was probably the fact Clay hasn't had action in months (thanks to his breakup lining up so closely to COVID), and seeing George in a pair of tight navy jeans that hugged his ass perfectly as George bounced against him in the car sure wasn't helping.

Clay tried to think of anything but what was happening right now to prevent himself from getting fully hard and humiliating himself in front of George. He thought of Minecraft, new video ideas, who he should collab with, or that one time George forgot to log off teamspeak after a video and clay sat there stunned with labored breaths as he listened to his best friend jerk off — wait, not helping, actually just the opposite.

Clay could feel himself growing half hard, but he thanks the high heavens that he wore ticker material today with his blue jeans, and that the road was so bumpy that there's no way George would be on top of his crouch long enough to notice. God, what a nightmare, Clay thought to himself; he honestly couldn't wait for them to arrive, but he also kind of never wanted the ride to end. George's plump ass rubbing against his thick cock felt really good, and he couldn't deny that the sight of George practically riding him in the car was something straight out of a porn.

Although George was fully flustered at the idea of sitting on top of anyone, let alone Dream, he found himself soon get comfortable in the car while we was scrolling through his phone. After a while he found it pleasant to have a personal seat warmer and cushion during these colder winter months, and the awkwardness of the situation faded within twenty minutes in the car.

As the roads got bumpier, George began to grow a bit more uncomfortable due to the fact he was less stabilized, but other than that, he just kept browsing through Reddit unbothered. It wasn't until about five minutes on the bumpy road that he began to notice the blonde haired boy under him. Although the music playing and the sound of the car on the road was loud, George could not only hear, but also feel against his neck and ears, that Dream was starting to breathe harder. At first, George thought dream had fallen in deep sleep during the long car ride, but after a few more minutes, George felt something poking up at his ass.

George was horrified for a second, and stared blankly at his phone stunned. There's no way what I think is happening is happening right now, George thought to himself. But the cock getting harder under him was proving otherwise. Fuck, George hadn't had this kind of physical contact in literal years and he couldn't help but also get a little turned on.

Feeling Dream's breath against his neck and tickling behind his left ear now held an entirely different meaning, and George was starting to get hard. The rocky road helped hide the deliberate movements George was making to try and grind on Dream's cock to try and get more friction. Even through the layers of jeans, George could feel how big Dream was. Just the idea of Dream wearing some loose grey sweatpants had George bounce just a little harder against dream. He could imagine the pants loosely forming around the shape of Dream's hung dick, and the massive bulge that would form when Dream got hard.

If Dream's dick was any indication, Dream felt the same way about George as he felt about the tall

boy. Because of this, George got more bold and made it his mission to make Dream cum under him without dream noticing that George was turned on as well.

George started with making his body more relaxed so that he would bounce more, and also started to subtly grind his ass against Dream's dick by pretending to be shifting in dream's lap to get more comfortable. As George felt the bulge poking against his ass grow even bigger, George was once again stunned. Dream was only half hard a few seconds ago. If George thought Dream must have been big before, he now knew that dream was massive.

As he continued with these movements, he could hear Dream let out a quiet grunt followed by a quick cough to probably try and hide it. George smiled to himself as he couldn't help but tease his friend under him.

"You okay there? Not sick or anything right?" George asked, still looking at his phone, but with a hidden sly smirk.

Dream let out another small cough. "Yeah, I'm fine, it's just you know, um, something in my throat."

"That's good," George replied. Just as George was about to go back to subtly grinding against dream, George got a devilish idea. As the car drove across a rougher patch of land, George purposely dropped his phone on the ground in front of him.

"Fuck, I dropped my phone," George said as he was shifting in Dream's lap to pretend to look for it on the floor.

Dream let out an exasperated groan, "Oh my god, can you just leave it. Just nap or something, we only have like an hour left."

George continued to shift. "Why are you so pissed at my phone; what did it do to you?" the British boy said in a joking manner.

"Whatever, just pick it up already." George could hear Dream rolling his eyes saying that, but George was unbothered, because he knew just how to smack that attitude out of Dream.

As George went to pick up his phone, he made sure to push his ass as far back into Dream's hard cock as possible. If anyone else saw the two of them in that position, they would blush and quickly look away.

"I can't fucking find it!" George was now making deliberate movements to basically stroke Dream's dick with his forwards and backwards movement.

"George! Stop cursing! Sappy Nappy is trying to sleep!" Bad said as he kept his eyes on the road.

As George was grinding his ass harder against Dream, George was also trying to hump against his own thighs to chase his release. Fuck, they were both acting like horny teenagers. There's no way George would have gotten this turned on just humping his thigh like this at home, but the fact that two of his friends were in this car minding their own business, and one of them under him was currently rocking his hard dick against his ass, had George on edge.

Just as George was about to pick up his phone and sit back up, he felt Dream start subtly thrusting between his ass and dick. The new stimulation had George almost cum, and he could tell Dream was close too.

"George, hurry up and find it for god's sake!" Dream almost yelled, as he too was pretending to

shift in his seat to get comfortable.

“Okay, Okay, geez I just found it. Daddy chill,” George laughed out. What he didn’t expect was for Dream to tense under him and let out one hard thrust. Daddy kink, huh, George could have guessed that one though. The rough thrust had forced George to get more friction on his own member, causing him to also cum in his pants.

George slowly sat back up, and post nut clarity was crashing into him like a truck. This was gonna be such a bitch to sit in for another hour. Not only that, but he literally just came with his best friend as they grinded against each other. But it was one of the most intense orgasms that George ever had, so he wasn’t that mad about it.

What the fuck just happened? Clay was so embarrassed that he just creamed in his pants like he was 16 again, and just because his friend called him Daddy jokingly too. For the next hour, Clay was silently chastising himself for just cumming against his friend’s ass. He may have also spent some time fantasizing about George’s ass. One of Clay’s favorite part about his exes were how well all of them fit into booty shorts, and how he would tower over them. As they were in the kitchen grabbing something he’d press them into the counter and kiss their neck while groping their ass. He imagined George in a pair of baby blue baby shorts with one of Clay’s loose T-shirts in the kitchen, and he imagined walking up to George and doing the same. He’d grab George’s plump ass and push his hard cock against it, all while kissing up George’s neck and leaving marks so that everyone knows who he belongs to.

“Daddy, please, more. I need more,” George would breathlessly breathe out.

Clay would throw him over his shoulder, bring him to the couch, and bend him over his lap. He’d spank George until his ass was red and sore as his cockhead was leaking onto Clay’s jeans. Fuck, he might get hard again. No more imaginations. He takes a peek at the boy on top of him, and George seems completely unbothered. He just thanks the higher powers that George didn’t notice anything.

When the group pulled up to the cabin house, Clay basically pushed George off of him and quickly got out, rushing to the bathroom and yelled something about needing to pee.

Sapnap sleepily rubbed his eyes, “Yeesh, what’s his problem.”

“Yeah! I said like two hours ago that I get dibs to pee first, I’ve been holding it in since then!” Bad pouted.

George laughed. “Bad, we could have just stopped and let you go in a bush or something.”

To that, Bad pouted a bit more, “Yeah, well, that’s just embarrassing.”

As George made his way to the trunk to get their luggage, he cringed at the feeling in his pants. Oh well, George thought to himself, because now this little camping trip was just about to get more interesting....

This has not been proofread, so sorry for any mistakes!

Part two??? Who knows.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

<https://twitter.com/RRONANLLYNCH/status/1024683123504803840>

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As the other three were rolling their luggage into the main hall, Dream came out of the bathroom in the hallway, wiping his hands on his black sweatpants.

“Why did you change pants, Dream? Piss your pants maybe?? Maybe shit and cum??” Sapnap said, progressively getting more and more giggly with each word. George and Bad burst out in a fit of laughter. Without knowing the full context of what had happened in the car ride here, Sapnap had unknowingly created the best jab at Dream.

“No you giant idiot, I just wanted to get more comfortable,” Dream said defensively with a slight blush peaking up to his ears and cheeks. The sight of the giant man in front of him flustered pulled at George’s heartstrings.

Bad, wiping tears from his eyes, finally caught his breath and went to turn on the heater. “Ok so there’s two rooms, so we gotta split up! Who with who?”

“Well I don’t wanna room with George because he’s stinky,” Sapnap said as he scrunched up his face at George while walking over to the couch.

“Well aren’t you feeling giddy today? You’re one to talk. Aren’t you the one who literally took a five minute shower? Like what did you even wash?” George laughed as he walked over to join Sapnap on the couch.

“I’m sorry that I WON. Also I don’t spend ten minutes every time I shower scrubbing my asshole.”

“WHAT?” George laughed out, eyes shifting nervously.

“WHAT??” Dream joined in laughing incredulously.

Bad could be heard from the other room struggling to breathe again.

“I said what I said,” Sapnap defiantly turned his head, “anyways, I wanna room with Bad. I wouldn’t want to interfere with you and Dream since you know.... you’re like in love or something.” Sapnap smirked, knowing that his little comment would fluster George.

George rolled his eyes as he felt his face heat up. “Whatever. We’re not in love.”

Dream walked over to them and pouted as he sat down and grabbed the TV controller. “Awwww, George, I thought we had something special.”

“Shut up you fucking idiot,” George said as he turned away from them while they were giggling.

“Well I guess that leaves you with me,” Dream said while laughing.

George rolled his luggage into their shared room, and began to unpack some of his belongings. While he was grabbing his pajamas, he looked over his shoulder to peek at Dream, who was shirtless while absent-mindedly trying to pick an outfit. Holy fuck, why was he so ripped, George thought to himself. That must be a six pack.... how does he get so buff when he literally plays Minecraft for a living? George let his eyes rake over Dream's body, where they landed on Dream's happy trail that lead down to his loose black sweatpants. If there's a god out there, they're listening to George, because Dream looked even better than how George imagined him. Unfortunately, there wasn't much contrast with the black fabric, but the bulge of Dream's soft cock was still *very* obvious.

“Why don't you shower first, I need to finish up some work,” George snapped out of it and looked up at the taller man behind him. Dream finally decided on a shirt and turned to plop onto their shared queen sized bed, now completely engrossed on his laptop.

“Alright, I'll be out in a bit,” George said. As he was about to make his way into their bathroom, he thought of something naughty. George usually just sleeps in underwear when he sleeps at home, so he thought to himself, why break that tradition now? He went back out to throw back the shorts and shirt he was about to take in.

As George was in the shower, he thought about what had happened in the car, and found himself getting unbearably hard again. He quickly jumped into the shower, and started to slowly stroke his cock until it was leaking at the head. George imagined how Dream would jerk him off if he were doing it.

Dream would probably be slow and teasing with his movements. He would drag his hand from the base along the shaft agonizingly slow, and would rub his thumb against George's tip until he was squirming beneath him, begging him to get on with it. Dream would smirk, kissing up his neck to bite at his ears. He'd whisper into them, “Baby boy, I think you forgot your place,” sending shivers down George's spine. George moaned quietly, moving his other hand to his hole, then teased at the entrance with his fingers.

“Let's get you all nice and loose for daddy, hmm,” George imagined Dream would say as he turned him around so that Dream was facing his back as he would kiss down his nape.

George pressed his index finger in, and felt the familiar burn. He hasn't fingered himself in a while, so he was still really tight and needed time to adjust. When he felt more comfortable, he began to move his finger to try and hit his prostate. When he found his sweet spot, he jolted forward, resting his head against the cool tile. He added another finger, followed by a third quickly after. If what he felt in the car was any consolation, Dream was probably about three fingers wide and eight inches long, and just the thought of Dream's hung cock had George drooling. Fuck, he wanted to taste it so bad. Let Dream fuck his throat maybe... have Dream hold his head firmly as he forced George down on his length gagging and crying, but still begging for more with his teary eyes. When Dream came, he'd probably hold down George, and the slight bulge he of his cock could be seen in George's throat. He'd let out an animalistic grunt as he forced George to swallow his cum and clean up his cock. George would happily do so while looking up with pleading eyes.

George imagined Dream rubbing his cockhead teasingly against his hole and slapping his cock against it.

“You want daddy's hard cock baby? You're gonna have to show me how much you want it,” the blonde boy would smirk while lightly humping between George's cheeks.

“Fuck, I want it in me so bad. I want you to fill me up and breed me; make me full,” George would respond as he pushed back against Dream to insert his huge member.

Imagining Dream making George come undone had George speeding up the thrusts of his fingers, setting a brutal pace to chase his orgasm. He imagined Dream would set an unrelenting pace, make George forget his own name, and fill him up with his cum.

“Dream, fuck me harder... I need it so bad,” George moaned quietly in the shower.

George thrust his fingers deep in one more time, hitting his prostate and came with his eyes rolling back, and moaning Dream’s name into his other hand to try to stifle the intense moans. Holy fuck that was good, he thought to himself as he was breathing heavily.

After about twenty minutes or so in the shower, Clay heard the door’s lock click again. As he peeled his eyes away from his laptop to ask if his best friend was finished, the sight above him left his mouth agape and eyes wide. George had come out almost completely naked, save for his incredibly tight black boxer briefs that were hugging his juicy ass so nicely and the towel across his neck. Holy fuck, there’s no way Clay wasn’t about to go jerk off in the shower.

Clay blushed a bit and looked back down at his laptop to try and compose himself a bit before opening his mouth and saying anything embarrassing. “Dude, put on some clothes. It’s like 20 degrees out.”

George, as he continued to rummage through his luggage for his charger, responded, “Ya but it’s like 176 Celsius in here. Plus I usually sleep naked at home, so consider yourself lucky that I’m putting on anything at all.” The naked part was a lie, but he knew it would get Clay’s imagination going. “Plus we’re both guys. Who cares?” George said as he found his laptop charger.

“Okay, whatever. I’m gonna go shower,” Clay responded, blushing, putting down his laptop at the bedside table.

George was just a little disappointed that Dream didn’t come out shirtless and dripping with water after his shower. Don’t get him wrong though, the tight white T-shirt that hugged his form so perfectly and his black briefs definitely looked great on him too, but George just wanted to see his great body again.

Dream made his way over to the bed, “Hey it’s kind late; you mind if I go to bed?”

“Nah go for it, I’ll join you, I’m getting tired myself,” George said yawning, getting up to turn off the lights.

“Night,” Dream said as he sleepily covered himself with the blanket.

“Goodnight,” George responded, slipping under the covers.

Dream is one hell of a deep sleeper, thought George. But even for a deep sleeper, he sure shifted a lot. Unlike Dream, George is a very light sleeper and anything and everything will wake him up. George turned over on the bed to face dream and see why he was shifting so much, only to find Dream hugging his pillow and cuddling it. George almost wanted to take a picture to tease Dream about it later – see him blush and get defensive – but the sight was so cute that George just chuckled to himself a bit as he just took it all in. Turning to go back to sleep, George heard Dream mumbling and turned back to face him. Dream’s face was scrunched up as he was trying to say

something.

Poor wittle dweam is having a nightmare, George thought to himself smirking. But as Dream began to slowly and shallowly thrust his hips against the pillow he was cuddling, George began to blush.

“Mhhmm,” George watched Dream moan as the moonlight through the window lit up him up.

George, almost in a full panic and face feeling like a furnace, turned away and pulled the covers over him to try and go to sleep. His own dick growing harder by the second was not helping though. Although George was 90% sure that Dream felt the same way about him, it still felt weird to try anything without him awake.

“Mhhhhmm George..” Dream slurred muffled and moaning, George turned around in record speed. The boy was still humping the pillow, but with more vigor now. Okay so maybe George was now 99% sure Dream felt the same way, but still. George, flustered, carefully grabbed the pillow from Dream hoping to stop his movements so that they could both just go to bed. What he didn’t expect was for Dream to slowly blink his eyes at him, groggily pulling George against his chest.

Dream in a rough voice nuzzled his face against George’s neck. “You smell so good.”

“It’s the shampoo, now get. Off,” George said as he halfheartedly tried to push Dream off with each enunciation. Dream only hugged him closer, bringing his erection to George’s thigh. Holy fuck, yep, he is huge. George tried to shake Dream awake, but the bigger man didn’t budge.

“Dream, you need to wake up. I’m not doing this while you’re delirious,” George said, still trying to get out of his grasp. “I mean I’d love to, but seriously I don’t want to be held responsible for this,” George said mostly to himself.

Dream, in a groggy voice, started to sit up a bit and loosen his hold on George. “What did you say?”

George blushed. “I just... You’re actually awake? I thought you were half asleep.”

“Well... I’m definitely awake now...” Dream said propped up on his elbow and facing George while smiling down at him. “Anyways, do you... I mean I just... I’m hard right now, and by the looks of it you are too. And it seems we’re both at least a little interested?” Dream said a little nervously, which surprised George, as he was usually full of confidence.

George broke eye contact, looking away with embarrassment, “I’m interested Dream, but it’s just that I’ve never done anything serious with a guy before, and aren’t you straight?”

Dream thought for a second, “I mean I definitely have never done anything with a guy before, but I have experience and I have a dick too so I would say I kinda know what I’m doing,” Dream laughed lightly.

“Okay, just... this is so embarrassing!” George said covering his face in the covers. Dream laughed at how cute and flustered George was, and gently pulled the covers down to see his face.

“Hey, it’s okay I’ll take the lead, alright? Here let me help you,” Dream said as he slipped his hand down George’s boxer briefs. An incredible blush decorated the British boy’s face as he watched his best friend slowly stroke his cock.

“Holy fuck,” George whispered out in a moan.

“George, not to push you or anything, but can you help me out too? I’m as hard as a rock because of you,” Dream said as he rubbed his hard cock against George’s thigh to prove his point.

“Yeah, here let me just...” George took off his boxer briefs and climbed on top of Dream, pulling his briefs halfway down to where his thick and hard cock slapped George on his cheeks.

“Sorry about that,” Dream said chuckling.

George smiled, “Is this okay?” he said as he lined up their cocks together and tried to hold them both in his hands. Dream was so thick that George couldn’t close his fist, but the friction against both of their cocks still felt amazing.

“Fuck, that’s so good George,” Dream moaned as he shallowly thrust into George’s hand and against his friend’s dick.

“How are you so big Dream? Fuck, I can’t believe your exes ever gave up on a dick this good,” George moaned as he watched Dream’s thick length tower over his own.

George was starting to breathe heavier as he was getting close to cumming. They’ve only been doing this for like five minutes, how was he already so close. I’m really that touch deprived huh, George thought to himself as he was thrusting against Dream without rhythm like a horny teenager. “Dream, I’m really close, can we stop for a second?”

Dream, with his hair mussed and lips red and swollen from biting back his moans replied. “Yeah, I’m really close too. Can I kiss you George? You’re making me so desperate for more.”

“Yeah, I’d love that,” George said as he slowly met Dream’s lips as his eyes fluttered shut. The first kiss was gentle, and they pulled away with a string of spit connecting them. Dream blushed harder, looking at George’s lips.

“Dream...” George said as Dream placed a hand behind George’s neck to bring them closer again.

“Call me Clay,” Dream said as he kissed George again, but with more tongue. As Dream’s tongue was expertly exploring George’s mouth, he grabbed George’s ass and began to kneed it. George moaned into the kiss, and began to hump against Dream’s length again. Before pulling away from the kiss again, George playfully bit Dream’s bottom lip.

“Hmm, what a tease,” Dream said as he kissed down George’s neck.

“Drea- I mean, Clay... Can we do something more?” George pulled him away to meet his eyes.

Dream looked a little stunned. “I- uh I’ve never done it with a man before... are you sure?”

George rolled his eyes, “Haven’t you ever done anal with your girlfriends before??”

Dream looked away, “Just once....”

George laughed, “It’s the same thing, and don’t worry about prep. I kinda stretched myself in the shower.” Dream blushed and looked up to George again.

“What? You thought I didn’t notice you humping against me in the car? You got me so hot and bothered,” George said as he got up to find his tub of vaseline that he usually used on his lips.

Now it was Dream’s turn to be embarrassed. He covered his face with his hands. “Holy shit, you knew and didn’t say anything? Oh my god, I’m so horrified right now.”

George walked back with the tub, "It's okay, I'm not exactly innocent of anything either. I could tell how big you were even through your jeans and got so turned on."

"Fuck... Did you bring any condoms?" Dream asked as he took the vaseline and started to coat his fingers and tease at George's entrance.

"How was I supposed to know you were gonna make moves on me? No, I didn't bring any. Are you clean?" George asked.

"I am. Do you mind doing it raw?" Dream asked as he inserted a coated finger. "Holy shit you're still so tight after prepping."

George moaned as Dream began to move his fingers around, "Ahh... I don't mind, and you already know I haven't been with someone for years. I'm clean too. Fuck, your fingers are so thick."

Dream inserted his other finger and began scissoring open George. "Holy fuck, that feels so good Clay. I thought you said you've only done it once."

"Just because I've only done anal once doesn't mean I've never fingered anyone," Dream smirked while biting at George's neck. Just as Dream bit a sensitive area of George's neck, he inserted a third finger and hit George's prostate.

"FUCK," George screamed as he jolted forward. "Oh my god, do that again," George begged as he began to push his ass against Dream's hand to try and get his finger's deeper.

Dream quickly put his hand against George's mouth, "You wanna not wake up the entire state? What are you gonna say if Bad or Sappnap walk in on us?"

The way Dream was covering George's mouth turned him on even more, and before Dream could fully pull his hand away, George began sucking at his friend's fingers.

"Fuck, you're such a slut," Dream smirked. That small insult had George's cock leaking onto Dream as he took his fingers in deeper.

"I'm gonna put it in now, lay on your back." George flipped around as Dream slowly began to rub at his entrance teasingly. George was burning up with lust at how turned on he was.

"Clay, are you even gonna fit? You're fucking huge, you might rip me."

Dream lifted George's leg over his broad shoulder and kissed at his inner thigh, "I'll take it slow." The truth was that George couldn't wait to get such a thick cock inside of him and feel the burn mixed with pleasure.

As Dream slowly inserted his tip, George tossed his head back and groaned. Dream kissed at his thigh some more as he very slowly began to slide more of his cock in, before pausing to take a breath.

"Are you all the way in yet," George asked with his hand covering his face in pleasure and a bit of pain.

"Half way there"

"Half way????!!! Holy fuck, it feels like you just put your whole fist in me," George looked up with wide eyes.

Dream laughed, "Maybe some other time babe."

George blushed and looked away at the hint of another time along with the pet name. Just as he was about to say something smart in response, Dream pushed the rest of his length in one swift thrust, which caused George to moan out and arch his back off the bed.

George “Fuuuuckkkk... Clay, keep going.” Dream began to shallowly fuck into George’s tight heat as George reached down to stroke his own cock. George tried to match his strokes in tandem with Dream’s rough thrusts, and soon he was coming undone again.

“George, you feel so good and tight,” Dream grunted as he thrust harder. He watched as his cock was stretching George’s hole each time he pulled out and thrust back in.

They went at it for the next twenty minutes; sweaty bodies intertwining as Dream left marks along George’s pale body and George desperately trying to kiss Dream while pulling at his dirty blonde hair.

“Clay... I’m gonna cum. I’m so close,” George moaned out breathlessly.

“Me too, fuck George, it feels so good.” Dream began to thrust in faster and harder than before, making the bed frame hit against the wall. He hopes to god that the other pair in the room across from them are deep sleepers, because Dream’s pace was unrelenting on the bed frame.

“Clay, fuck. Cum in me, fuck, I want it so bad please,” George begged with tears welling up with pleasure.

Dream thrust in one last time and roughly crashed his lips with George’s to stifle both of their moans as Dream filled up George.

“I’m so full, Clay it feels so good,” George said against Dream’s lips.

“Fuck you feel so good too baby. Nice and full with my fat cock and cum,” Dream said as he nuzzled against George’s neck once more. If George hadn’t just cum, he would have came at Dream’s dirty talk.

As they both started to come down from their high, Clay started to slowly pull out of George and watched as some of his cum leaked out of him. Clay looked down at the boy beneath him and just stared for a second. His best friend’s hair was completely disheveled, covered in angry red marks that Clay had left across his body, and a beautiful pink blush that dusted the pale boy’s cheeks and shoulders. George really was beautiful like this.

“Let me get some tissues,” Dream said as he began to turn to go to the bathroom.

George grabbed onto his wrist before he could get up, which caused Clay to look at him confused. “Don’t. Just... come here and let’s go to bed.”

Clay smiled, “You’re gonna be pissed at me in the morning if I don’t clean you up now.” Clay leaned down to kiss George on the forehead and went to the bathroom to wet a warm towel. George blushed intensely at the intimacy. It’s not exactly like they’re dating, so for Clay to do something so intimate had George flustered.

Clay came back and began to wipe George’s body carefully. Even if he was rough with sex, he always made sure to take care of his girlfriends after a session and adorn them in kisses after. Clay looked up at George after finishing and tossed the towel aside then crawled back under the cover with George.

“Hey come here,” Clay said as he hugged George.

“So like... was that just sex or... what was that?” George asked Clay while looking into his eyes.

Clay searched George’s face for his answer, but all he saw was a hint of nervousness. “George... to be honest... I don’t know. I’ve never had feelings for a guy before and I don’t know if this is just physical attraction or if I actually want to date you, you know,” Clay replied honestly. He didn’t want to lie to George and get his hopes up, but Clay also knew that he felt *something* towards his friend.

“Yeah, I get that.”

“I mean, do you want to be more George? I just don’t know if I’m ready. It might take some time for me to be able to feel the same way, but I do feel *something* there, or else I wouldn’t feel so attracted to you,” Clay said caressing George’s face. He watched for George’s expression and saw it shift to disappointment for a brief second, then quickly shift to being unreadable again.

“I can wait,” George replied smiling gently. Clay kissed George on his forehead again and pulled the cover up higher to get more comfortable. They fell asleep entangled with each other.

In the other room, Bad now had earbuds in and was blasting whatever music he could find with a pillow over his head to block out as much noise as he could. Nope, these walls were not soundproof. Nice to know.

Chapter End Notes

Maybe I'll do a part about the time George forgot to turn off teamspeak while jerking off? Who knows!

Anyways, I've posted the spinoff that's the exact opposite of this piece! It's just all fluff with Bad and Sapnap bonding as friends. I'm also working on another series for a band!au that's gonna be a little angsty.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!